Seeing double - 'tries to hold back a scream'

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by reid_simp

Summary

Molly suggested therapy, and Will almost laughed. She'd known by that point the brunt of what happened. She knew it was a hopeless suggestion, that the chance of Will seeing another therapist was unthinkable.

Will has nightmares a lot, and most of the worst ones are about having his head sawed into

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

My stomach twisted in the most inhumane nature; thoughts spiralling, unable to come into words, too fast to comprehend, my own internal monologue overlapping itself. Organs exploding in red hot gasps of bursts of pain. Pain in the purest sense of the word, straining my head until I know it will give, ending the suffering. Saw twisting, spinning and I don't have the capacity to do anything but endure, held together by the will of science, held together because my only heart refuses to give. Even science is failing now, heart jumping and spluttering, pain blooming in agonising splashes.

Will bursts out of bed for the third time tonight. This time it's worse. It's always worse when it's... that. Will just doesn't know how... to deal with what happened there.

Molly suggested therapy, and Will almost laughed. She'd known by that point the brunt of what happened. She knew it was a hopeless suggestion, that the chance of Will seeing another therapist was unthinkable.

Will tries to hold back a scream. Their bedroom is on the other side of the house to Walter's for this reason. Molly stops him every time he tries to apologise.

"Will, are you alright?" He's sat up in bed, head in his hands. There's sweat all in the towel he's put down. He never thought he'd live to remember that experience. He shouldn't have lived through it. People aren't supposed to endure that.

He's crying, he thinks. He doesn't cry often but the dream felt so real. It was so painful he'd forgotten he'd moved on in life, that there was a life after that. "I can't do this anymore," he sobs. It sounds so unlike himself to do this, to break down like this. It reminds him of the old days when he used to *feel everything*. Molly rubs his back, leaning her head on his shoulder and pretending he isn't drenched with sweat. He's shaking, too.

"Will, I'm here, okay? I know things feel as bad as they can possibly be, but I'm here." She pauses. "It'll get better, okay? Eventually, it'll all get better, and it won't hurt as much as this."

slowly but surely getting there! my evening has freed up slightly now but need to go to the gym later sooooo just trying! might be me up to midnight writing but i am so determined to finish!

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